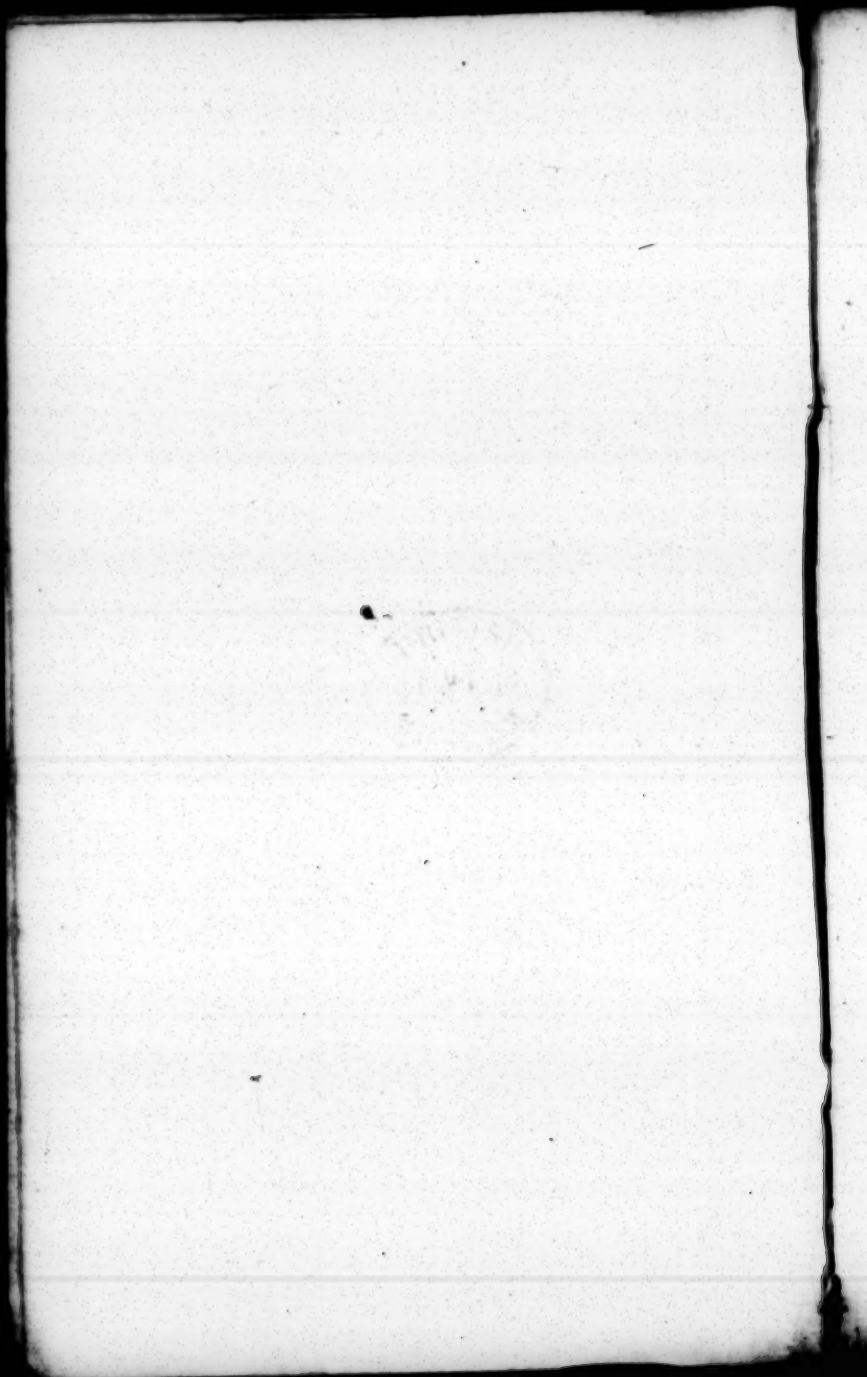


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THE
FAVORITES OF FLORA, &c.





FAVORITES of FLORA.



*Dame Want, visited by the
favorites of Flora.*

THE
FAVORITES OF FLORA;

OR,

A C H A P L E T

FOR THE

BROW OF MERIT.

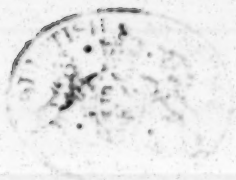
By A. M.
F.

London:

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INTRODUCTION.

A WELL regulated family, trained up in the paths of virtue, and deeply impressed with the fine feelings of humanity, may not improperly be presented to the reader under the pleasing form of a *Bouquet*; which, though confined within the narrow bounds of the splendid fillet, yet diffuses its sweets around to a great distance, and, while it pleases the eye, gratifies the senses.

IN the following little essay, the strength of parental affection glows upon the mind of the amiable *Mariana*; and the tenderness and sensibi-

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lity of our youthful adventurers in the paths of virtue, will, I hope, raise in my young readers an emulation to follow such examples.

Miss *Mariana Myrtle*, a sprightly child of twelve years old, becomes the pupil of Mrs. *Hyacinth*, a daughter of Affliction, and brings with her five other flowers, to add beauty and fragrance to her rich BOUQUET. This BOUQUET is formed from characters in real life, innocently disguised under feigned names (to avoid giving offence) yet to furnish out instructive lessons for the benefit of youth;—the authoress, therefore, who has a numerous family, through misfortunes, unprovided for, takes this method of passing away her tedious hours, and at the same time endeavours, by
this

this publication, to contribute to their relief. The object, must be deemed laudable, however deficient it may be in point of execution, in dealing out instruction under the benevolent purpose of aiming to assist the wants of others: if then the public encouragement bears proportion to the innocent design of the writer, it may prove a means of enlightening the minds of youth, and an easy way of making some provision for those whom misfortune, and not prodigality, have ranked among the indigent.

It may be thought by some, that the characters of these young heroines are drawn beyond nature; but let such persons consider how soon the strength of parental affection will ri-

pen a well disposed and benevolent mind; while the untoward child renders itself even disagreeable, by the reluctance and awkwardness with which it receives the gentle admonitions of a friend, the child, who pays an early attention to the instructions of its parents, improves the natural sweetness of its disposition, and renders every effort that may be made for that purpose, both practicable and easy.

THE writer of this little treatise hopes the history of the Favorites of Flora will give as much pleasure in the reading as she has had in writing it, and that it will be attended with all the good effects she wishes; in such case, her trouble will be amply re-
all

warded ; and the pleasing hope of having added one single grace to her little pupils, will give sincere pleasure to their real friend.

A. M.

Description of the several little Sprigs
communicated by the Favorites of
Flora to form the pretty Bou-
QUET.

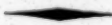
See youth and beauty here combin'd,
To please the eye, and charm the mind;
This wreath, compos'd of choicest flowers
That decks the gardens, fields, and bowers;
My *myrtle* first, I place in view,
I then present my *bells of blue*;
Array'd, comes next, in purest white,
My lovely *lily*, charming sight;
Here *sweet-peas* bloom, and *pinks* adorn,
And there a *rose* without a thorn:
To make this garland quite complete
I'll twine it round with *jess' mine* sweet.

[vii]

DEDICATION

TO

MISS S—— H * * * *



MY DEAR,

I PLEASE myself with the thought that you will look upon my addressing this little book to you, as a token of my love.

A BOUQUET is not an unpleasant present ; accept one then from me.

You have not far to look for the *fair flowers*, with which I am so pleased.

MAY

May your days be crowned with happiness whilst you live in this world; may your path be strewn with *roses*; may your mind retain its native sweetness, and you hereafter shine in that blessed abode which is the reward of the virtuous, is the very ardent prayer, my dear, of your

Truly affectionate

Friend,

A. M.

THE
FAVORITES
OF
FLORA, &c.

NEVER was there a pleasanter set of little friends than in the neighbourhood of *Floradale*; a small town about twenty miles from *London*.

That my young readers may be perfectly acquainted with this charming party, I shall undertake to describe their persons, their manners, and their education, with the usual way of passing their time. I will not presume to say they are without
any

any faults, no, that is not to be expected ; but, on the other hand, I think them as perfect as most of their age. I shall begin with Miss *Mariana Myrtle*, whose form was at once pleasing and engaging.—She was rather tall of her age, which did not exceed twelve years, her complexion fair, with blue eyes, and, above all, a pleasing smile graced her cheeks, except, when her sweet sensibility was moved to pity distress.

Louisa Lily was her next door neighbour, her complexion and her mind exactly answered to her name; her nut-brown hair, and hazel eyes caused her to be admired ; but her good qualities made her still more regarded ; and her mind was spotless as the lily leaf.

Not

Not very distant from these little girls lived *Betsy Blue Bell*, and *Sally Sweet-Pea*.—The former was a cheerful lass, with floe-black eyes, hair of the darkest brown, which blowed, without art, in natural curls on her shoulders. Her cousin *Sally's* disposition was likewise pictured in her face; for she was perfectly pleasing in her person, and still more so in her temper; in which she exceeded Miss *Blue Bell*, who was rather *too hasty*.

There was at the end of the street, another little girl whose name was *Priscilla Pink*, a nice clever child, whose mother was much esteemed in the family of Mr. *Jessamine*, a worthy gentleman who lived at a handsome house about a quarter of a mile distant; he had one only daughter.

Miss

Miss *Jemima Jessamine*, was the true pattern of innocence and sweetness; the modest blush diffused a charm beyond the power of the ablest painter to imitate.

Miss *Pink* passed many hours with her, and was herself a very amiable girl; who, from a natural sprightliness in her face, and an unaffected smile in her countenance, engaged the attention of all that saw her.

The parents and friends of these little girls, were prevented from their first design of sending their children to a boarding school by the following circumstance:

Mrs. *Hyacinth* a middle aged gentlewoman being unhappily reduced
by

by the imprudence of an only son, became the object of general concern in the village; and as contrasts in history are of excellent use, the introduction of an immoral and licentious character, when placed in view of a good one, gives vice its deepest colouring. The novice in sin starts at the deformity of it, and even the veteran feels the force of virtue, and wishes to become altogether virtuous: with this view, the writer of this well intended little book is induced to add the following character.

Young *Hyacinth* had a good share of common sense and some learning. He was the son of a reputable haberdasher; had lived to see the folly and disgrace of a bad charac-

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ter.

ter. His future hopes rested on an only son, who for awhile seemed likely to answer his expectations. Convinced of the impropriety of leaving a young man at ease without some employment, he consulted with his friends what branch of business would be best to fix him in to give his mind an early turn to industry and œconomy. Various were the opinions of his friends, at last they persuaded him to put him out to a pawn-broker, as a business of great profit, not considering that the many scenes of distress he must be daily conversant with, must steel his bosom against those tender feelings of humanity, which are the best security against irregularities of every kind. In order to
gain

gain business, he naturally fell into the most irregular company; and his master had one apprentice, whose extravagant turn of mind led him into a variety of excesses, and of course into many wants. The store rooms of his master at length became his common resource to support the great expence of his pleasure.

His extensive genius led him into every kind of excess; gaming, swearing, drunkenness, and debauchery, soon rendered him desperate, and shook his constitution. Such was the daily companion of this unfortunate youth; and as he had a lively imagination and the arts of persuasion, he insensibly drew in young

Hyacinth to become a partner with him in his scenes of festivity, as he called them.

For a while *Hyacinth* withstood his wiles---but at length fell a victim to the follies of his companion. They two so managed matters as to carry on this train of wickedness undiscovered. But however artful or hypocritical the young profligate might be, sooner or later his fraud is detected, and he is insensibly led to rush on destruction. For awhile he escaped the notice of his master; but his companion's character was too well known to be any longer undiscovered: therefore the whole weight of their future projects rested on the cunning and perseverance of young *Hyacinth*.

Hyacinth. One luckless night, having been together revelling and gambling, and both forward in liquor, the former lost a very great sum of money, and was threatened, if he did not immediately pay it, or give sufficient security for the payment of it.

In this distress he pressed his friend *Hyacinth* to point out for him some means of relief. The unhappy youth, whose mind was harrassed by the distresses of his beloved companion, thought of various expedients, but none of them would stand the test of common prudence.

At length a thought struck him. ✓
“ My friend (he exclaimed), I have
C 3 found

found out, I hope, the means to save you. In such a store-room, little frequented, our master has a large service of plate in pawn, which belongs to a great man, and which is never called for, but on a chance time, on account of the great expence of its loan for a day, to keep up the dignity of his family, when he has any great visitants. This we may remove in the dead of the night." *Filch* gave him his hand in rapture. "My friend I thank you for this benevolent scheme; but this alone can never save me from immediate ruin, we must go farther yet."--"Leave it to me (replied *Hycinth*) depend upon it I will extricate you out of this deep distress, or perish in the attempt." Upon this desperate

desperate assurance, *Filch* left him in tolerable spirits.

The luckless youth immediately entered upon the following scheme: his master having extensive dealings with a brother pawn-broker, and very large drafts being made upon their bankers to keep up the credit of their trade, he forged a draught for a small sum upon one of them. For awhile it passed unnoticed, till encouraged by such success, he ventured upon a very large draught, which at once brought on a discovery.

The time was now come for justice to take place. He was tried and sentenced for transportation, to
the

the great grief of his parents and his own perpetual disgrace.

Here we shall leave him a monument of shame, the inevitable consequence sooner or later of a life of dissipation and riot.

Let this unhappy case warn my young readers carefully to guard against the first overtures to vice, to avoid bad company, and to attend to the early advice and dictates of those experienced parents, and true friends, who painfully attend to the first emotions of youth, in order to lead them into the paths of peace, and secure their future happiness, by teaching them to remember their Creator in the days of their youth, and by so doing, to secure to them that peace
that

that none but the virtuous know; that when the infirmities of old age draw on, no horrors of a guilty conscience might imbitter their latter end.

This digression the reader, it is hoped, will excuse, as little minds are too apt to be misled by a constant course of success, and therefore the glass of reflection should be held out to them to guard them against the follies of youth;—having suggested this, I return to the subject of my story.

Upon the death of her husband, Mrs. *Hyacinth* retired to *Floradale*, taking a small house in the centre of the village, and she ever acquitted herself in such a manner, as to gain the approbation and esteem of the genteel families around her, who
made

made her many presents very serviceable in her situation. She frequently dined with one or other of those families on a Sunday : in one of her visits we will attend her to Mr. *Myrtle's*, and take the opportunity of amusing the reader with some description of his very pleasant garden-grounds, part of which were laid out in the following manner ;—a pretty little meadow was inclosed by a gravel walk, bordered by flowering shrubs, at the entrance of which was a small wicket, and at a little distance, an alcove ; near the foot of which, some beautiful gold and silver fish played in a fountain of water. At the bottom of a spreading oak, a flight of steps invited the *ambitious* to ascend the wheel of fortune, it being fixed under the feet of those, who seated themselves in

in

in a kind of a bower ; formed by the branches over-head, an arbour, lined with willows, at the end of the walk, had a pleasing effect, and was terminated by an hermitage. It was in one of these agreeable visits, that a scheme was formed for Mrs. *Hyacinth*, to undertake a little school, and Mr. and Mrs. *Myrtle*, not only promised her Miss *Mariana* for a scholar, but ventured to engage that all their friends within a walk of her house would do the same. This was perfectly pleasing to her, she returned home delighted with the proposal ; the next morning Mr. *Myrtle*, and his lady went to solicit the favor of the families we have before mentioned ; who all readily joined in the request ; and the week following, Mrs. *Hyacinth* found herself tutoreſs to our fix little neighbours.

bours. Some short time after the the school was established, as they were returning home one evening, they passed a small house, the door of which standing open, they observed a poor woman sitting in a melancholly posture; compassion for the seeming distress she was in, induced them to enquire the reason of her sorrow; upon their entering the house, Dame *Want*, (for that was her name) raised her head, which before rested on her hand. Near her stood a small table, on which laid a pillow, where the wretched woman sought a short relief, by hiding her weeping eyes. The only furniture in the room, (except the chair, on which she sat,) was an old wooden box, upon which she, in a faint voice, desired *Mariana* to seat herself, as that young lady had
upon

upon entering the house, asked in gentle terms, the cause of her great grief. "Ah! Miss (replied Dame *Want*,) you astonish me by your goodness; so young as you are, how seldom is it, that a poor creature like myself can gain a hearing from persons of your fortune!"--"Indeed, good woman, (she returned) both my dear companions and myself, have been taught to rejoice with them that rejoice, and to weep with them weep. Our friends are never so well pleased, as when we have it in our power, to speak a word of comfort to the afflicted; and if you will tell us your story, we will make our parents acquainted with it; they will no doubt assist you, if they find you deserving." The sweet manner, in which *Me-*

riana uttered this speech, was such a cordial to the poor woman, that she raised up her eyes and hands in rapture ; and thus began ;—

“ My dear young ladies, I once knew better days.—My father was an exciseman, and gave me as good an education as one in his circumstances could afford : I had the misfortune to lose him, and my mother, when I was thirteen years old ; I had two sisters, one of whom settled very well in life, the other went as house-keeper in a gentleman’s family.—I was put into a millener’s shop, by a friend ; when, just as I thought myself settled, a fire consumed my mistress’s house and goods, and I was obliged to seek shelter where I could.

I thought, if I returned to my native place, the kindness and good neighbourhood I had formerly known, would induce some, for the sake of my dear father (who had been well respected) to shew kindness to me; and as I was a good needle woman I proposed keeping a day school, in which I succeeded so well, that I lived very decently for some time. But being seized with an illness which lasted some time I lost my scholars, and became more distressed than ever. As soon as I recovered, I determined to undertake a journey to my eldest sister, who lived at a great distance;— I therefore packed up a small bundle of clothes and set off. My youngest sister having, at my first keeping house, given me a bed, I begged my next neighbour to take care of it, till

my return. I slept at her house the night before my departure, and left the village at break of day with only five shillings in my pocket, which I had saved up from a little sewing work. As I went in a waggon the coolness of the morning affected me, being so lately recovered from my illness; I therefore desired to stop at a small house on the road, which was on account of my having entirely forgotten my bundle of clothes; and unable to walk back for it, I was obliged to give a man sixpence to fetch it, and wait till his return; so that my breakfast was a farther expence—Whilst I was sitting by the fire, a woman whom I knew, came in, and finding I was going the same road, proposed we should walk slowly on to the next village together. After
about

about half an hour's walk, her husband overtook us, and as their business required more haste than mine, they went forward and left me to pursue my journey alone. I soon grew faint; and as the heat of the day came on, I sat down under a shady tree, and thought death would soon set me free from sorrow and pain. But not long after, a good-natured farmer passing by, and seeing my distress, offered (if I could set his horse and was able to bear the fatigue) to carry me behind him to the next town, where he was going with some of his cattle to sell. The slow pace he was forced to go induced me to try, and in the evening I got to my journey's end; and after a thousand difficulties and disappointments I reached my sister's habitation, with only sixpence of my money left.

But how shall I describe my feelings at her reception of me?—I was an unwelcome guest to the nearest relation I had. She wondered how I could think of troubling her ; but as I *was* come, I might stay the winter quarter. I felt the coolness of her behaviour with the strongest force—but it is not for *poverty* to seek relief from *pride*. I therefore stifled my resentment, as much as I could, and passed my time (from the kindness of my brother-in-law) with much more comfort than I expected.

As the Spring advanced I prepared to return to my miserable home. My sister's behaviour, therefore, I endeavoured not to take notice of, fearing to remind her of my poverty, lest it should hurt her. On my departure,
she

she made me some presents, desiring me, by no means, to repeat my visit ; but that once a year, she would remember me. I set off with a heavy heart—but, how shall I find words to relate, that, upon my arrival, I found my cottage stripped, and my furniture all sold to pay my rent : my neighbours having bought different parts of my goods. As I had brought with me some money, I redeemed part of them again ; but I soon found, that even then I could not live without friends. I have by degrees sold my furniture again, and have grieved myself into the state you now see me.”

The tear of pity, dropped from the eyes of the pretty hearers, and they hastened home to relate a tale that had affected them so deeply. Not
finding

finding it a proper time to communicate it just then, (there being a large party of company in the drawing room) they consulted together, what could be done for the poor woman's immediate assistance; at length they concluded they would apply to Mrs. *Woodbine*, the house-keeper, who sent very readily something comfortable to recover her strength.

The next morning, at breakfast, *Mariana*, in the prettiest manner, related, how her little companions and herself had passed their afternoon's walk the day before. She met with such success in telling the story, that a scheme was set on foot to serve her in a permanent manner, which was as follows. As soon as Dame *Want* had recovered her health, each of the
young

young ladies was to send a poor woman's child as a spinning-scholar ; and it being a holiday, Mr. and Mrs. *Myrtle* sent invitations to their neighbours, requesting their companies in the afternoon, when the particulars were again related of the poor woman's distress. The parents of each child, felt themselves charmed at the pathetic step their little girls had taken, and the earnest desire they all expressed to assist their poor neighbour. All agreed to the proposal Mr. *Myrtle* had made, and Mrs. *Woodbine* (who was a very good sort of woman) was desired to attend the children in a walk, in search of six little girls for the above purpose. They at first came to the house of John *Daisey*, whose wife was a tidy cleanly dame, and finding her very desirous to have
her

her little girl under so kind a mistress, Dolly *Daisey* was fixed upon for one of the spinners, and was to be called *Mariana's* little girl. Her father was a poor, but a well disposed thresher, who, having a large family dependent on his industry alone, and spinning at that time, being an unprofitable employment, found it some difficulty to provide for them common necessaries of life; therefore readily acquiesced with the proposal which providence had placed before him. Such a commendable instance of self-denial and resignation, could not escape the notice of the amiable *Mariana*, nor the deep penetration of Mr. and Mrs. *Myrtle*.

The next house they entered was Richard *Lupin's*; he could raise no
higher

higher than to have for his family arms a longpole, and 'shave for a penny;' yet, was glad to accept of this charity, through the tender regard, and strength of affection he shewed for the welfare of his family, which were very large.

Content of mind was the only ornament he had to boast of. His morals were strictly good, and worthy of imitation; such was his deep sense of religion that he made it a practice never to touch a razor on a Sunday, because, he used to say, by so doing, it harboured idle people in his shop the whole morning, which prevented not only himself, but them also from attending to the duty of the day. His general civility gained him friends
and

and his modesty disarmed his enemies of censure and reproach.

His family, deeply sympathized with him, and adopted his good qualifications; and therefore, no wonder his daughter, *Lucy Lupin*, was the favourite of Miss *Jessamine*.

Miss *Blue-bell's* choice came next; the party entered the house of a poor man who was at work upon his shop-board, and who lived in a reputable manner, for one in his station of life; though he at last rose to the dignity of making the squires' second-best suit, and furnished the younger part of his family, and the servants, with their best. *Mary Primrose*, his wife, being well versed in the use of the needle, was able greatly to assist him
in

in his business; but, by misfortunes attending some of their customers, the benefits which should have arisen from their hard earnings, were greatly lessened, and they, at length, found themselves much reduced; their daughter, *Patty Primrose* was a very promising girl, and rejoiced much that Miss *Blue Bell* had fixed upon her as her girl.

Miss *Sweet-Pea*, as her turn came next, found *Tammy Tulip*, a neat little girl, sitting at her father's door, nursing her youngest brother. *Tammy* was a girl though not altogether so amiable as the rest, yet her modesty made amends for the want of other abilities; she had rather a small tincture of pride in her disposition, and used sometimes to

discover a few airs to her companions, but she had sense enough immediately to correct her error; to apologize for her misbehaviour, and to be thankful for the gentle admonition of her friends; therefore was not without some degree of merit.

She was the only daughter of *Thomas Tulip*, who was a chimney-sweeper. Some people have thought that by the frequent elevation of her father's person to the top of a chimney, *Tammy* entertained hopes that she should sometime or other rise to a superior station in life. But this opinion seemed to originate and die away among the old women of the parish. However as the proper behaviour of her father and mother had gained them friends, and his
foible

foible was overlooked in her, her modest behaviour in other respects recommended her to Miss *Sweet-Pea*.

Miss *Pink* began her search, she fixed her eyes upon *Rachel Rose* who was of a very modest turn of mind; and carried her name in her countenance; for the least tendency to immodesty in any of her companions, covered her face with the blush of her favourite flower, and she retreated with confusion from the company. She was the daughter of one, who, in the country phrase, is called a barber surgeon, and who, had by assumed sagacity, arrived to the height of "bleeding for a penny," as well as brandishing the razor for the like fee; and having added to the skill in his profession, the abi-

lity of scraping a few country dances upon the fiddle, had made himself useful to the neighbourhood. In short, he was a merry and sociable companion, and by the appellation of a barber surgeon was concluded to be of a superior order of trimmers; and therefore was admitted to keep better company than what is usually kept by men of that class.

It was supposed by many that *Rachel Rose*, being an only daughter, might have had left her by her father what would have placed her above the common rank. But whether, as a pretended man of genius, he had launched out into expences, or by experiments in surgery, which it becomes us not to inquire into, it was discovered that he had gained very little

little by this profession, and all poor *Rachel's* hopes of advancing in life were blasted. Though she was assured of being above want in her present situation, she heartily rejoiced that she was approved of by Miss *Pink*.

Miss *Louisa Lily* was struck by the pleasing appearance of *Catherine Crocus*, who though she was the last of the scholars, was not the least meritorious: She was tall and well made, with a mind as elevated as her stature; she had a most pleasing countenance, and an easy manner that would have done honor to an higher station; her pretty modest manner and her soft and respectful behaviour, struck Miss *Lily* and her

young friends so much, that they at once declared in her favour; and although nothing greater than the daughter of an humble tinker, yet, she was beloved: her father was so much esteemed in the country, that he no sooner sounded on his *kettle-drum*, than his neighbours ran out to speak to him; though they had no immediate employment for him in his business.

His wife, notwithstanding the dirtiness of his profession, always kept him neat and clean in his linen; and though he had several children, yet, they all made a decent appearance. He was ambitious to improve their minds, and embraced this opportunity to improve them in knowledge, virtue and true happiness. To this end,

end, he always set them a good example: the duties of religion he punctually observed himself, and the strictest honesty he recommended to his family, by the force of his example as well as his precepts; and never declined his heart in any act either of liberality or humanity, when he could do it without hurting his family.

Mr. and Mrs. *Myrtle* greatly approved of *Louisa's* choice, for a share of their benevolence; as they marked in this family the proper grounds of a better hope, and wished to be instrumental in the means of procuring it.

Of these worthy candidates, was the little spinning school composed; which raised in the minds of others
an

an ambition of imitating so bright an example ; and in a little time, Dame *Want* was comfortably provided for. She passed the remainder of her days in pleasing reflections on the bounty of her good friends ; and in the most ardent wishes and prayers for the welfare of them, and her young scholars.

The young ladies had now enough to do to prepare their children for the time when they were to become the pupils of the poor widow.

It was near the Midsummer holidays, and as they were allowed pocket-money pretty liberally, they joined the contents of their purses together, and again intreated the house-keeper to attend their walks.

They

They told her their intention of buying a suit for each of their girls, and *blue* being the colour determined on, away they walked to Mr. *Honesty's*, and purchased a whole piece of good strong stuff. They then begged Mrs. *Woodbine* to assist them in cutting it out; and as it was too late for them to do it that evening, they engaged her to accompany them the next afternoon, in the willow arbour. They did not forget to call upon Dame *Want* in their walk, to whom they gave new life by their kindness, and by telling her what they were permitted to do for her to gain a subsistence. At night the house-keeper took an opportunity of telling her mistress how the plan was formed; it gave Mrs. *Myrtle* the greatest pleasure to find the young folk so well

well employed; and she desired her servant, whilst they so well knew the true use of money, to advise them in laying it out to the best advantage in clothes for the children: she also gave her more for the same purpose. The next day, the young friends began to cut out the gowns. Every necessary was provided for the work, and, at parting, each took her little girl's dress to work upon, at their separate houses, determining to get them as forward as they could, as they had aprons, caps, and tippets, to make also: at length, their work being completed, their old assistant, Mrs. *Woodbine*, offered to go and dress the little girls, and, by order of her mistress, they were to be admitted to dinner on the following Sunday.

We

We will now return to Mrs. *Hyacinth*, who had been upon a visit, during the holidays, to a near relation. She brought home with her, a young woman, a daughter of her brother, captain *Violet*, who was upon a voyage to the Indies; his wife finding herself in a decline, made it her last request that Mrs. *Hyacinth*, as her husband's sister, would take her daughter under her protection. Miss *Violet* was much pleased with assisting her aunt in the care of the young folk. After a short time, having written to her father an account of the situation of life she had entered, a few months brought him to England, and taking a trip to see his sister and daughter, he found their house too small, and hired a larger for them; and by application in the neighbourhood, Mrs. *Hyacinth*, was, to the
entire

entire satisfaction of all her friends, comfortably settled in a good boarding school. Her brother, at parting, promised to renew his visit after his next voyage. But alas! how little ought we to set our hearts on any earthly enjoyment, for the captain was cast away a few days before he expected to have reached the wished for shore. The fatal news almost overpowered his sister and daughter; but their affection for each other was too strong not to endeavour all they could to console one another. It was the captain's intention to have quitted the sea, and joined in making them share his riches, which were considerable, having left his daughter a handsome fortune, and settled a comfortable annuity upon his sister by will, previous to his departure. By this time,

time the former scholars with whom Mrs. *Hyacinth* had began her school, were become of an age to quit it. Their governess resigned it to another person, and ended her days with Miss *Violet*, who, upon the death of Mr. *Myrtle*, was married to his son, a worthy young gentleman. The day on which they were united he presented the following verses to his *Felicia*:

Awake my soul, and all my powers;
In harmony combine;
To hail the bright, and happy morn.
That makes *Felicia* mine.

Long from retirements holy bower,
Her partial eye survey'd,
My weak endeavours to deserve
The love of such a maid.

The world's great pageant, as she sat,
Before her pass'd in sight;
She weigh'd it all in reason's scale,
And found that all was light.

On nobler motives far she fix'd
Her choice, when choice was free;
The honour was to virtue meant;
Altho' conferr'd on me.

To heav'n her steps directed were;
She fear'd these steps might stray:
Where shall a lamb its shepherd find,
To guide it on its way.

O may I ne'er, through life, forget,
On that auspicious day,
A charge how dear, and vast, her hand
Did to my trust convey.

It seem'd, as if hawks did pursue
A meek and spotless dove,
Who to my breast, for shelter flew;
And claim'd protecting love.

By thine example, warn'd, I learn,
All evil to refuse;
Thy virtuous heav'n-directed aim;
Instructs me how to chuse.

Heavy and dull, no more as erst,
I muse on my employ;
Thou wilt divide the stream of grief,
Reflect the rays of joy.

Unweary'd now, the sacred paths
Of duty I'll pursue;
'Tis not my bliss alone depends,
It is *Felicia's* too.

The rest of our little friends settled in life to the satisfaction of their parents: they supported dame *Want* as long as she lived; and each took their school girls, when of a proper age, for servants; who, with gratitude, dutifully performed their parts in a faithful discharge of their services.

Having brought my little story thus far, I cannot conclude this part of it without advising my young readers to follow the example set before them. Let them think what an agreeable subject must be pictured in their minds, when they fancy they behold the worthy *Mariana*, dropping
F 2 the

the tear of pity over distress; when they think of the delight her friends and herself felt in beholding the number of persons they made happy by their kindness and well-timed generosity; but, chiefly, let them reflect on the delightful sensations occasioned in the breasts of their indulgent parents, who found their children employed, even in their leisure hours, in doing good. I have added some of their performances to shew that the books and pens were not forgotten amongst their amusements; and that they likewise selected such pieces in verse and prose as best pleased them.

As I was frequently favoured with a sight of these selections, I gained their permission to transcribe such of them

them as I thought proper; there is one piece in particular, that was written by Miss *Violet* (of whose company they were extremely fond) the subject, she knew, would be pleasing to her father, and she presented it to him on his departure, before his last fatal voyage.

AN
ODE
TO
THE SEA.

HAIL, bounteous ocean! from whose bosom
flows

The genuine cause of all our earth bestows;
Without thy aid, our land would never yield;
In vain to tend our ground, or till our field.

By thy rich salts our vegetables thrive,
By thy refreshing show'rs are kept alive;
Fed with rich dainties, and restor'd to health,
And, by thy aid, supply'd with foreign wealth.

Various thy gifts, our gratitude to raise,
How few thy value, and thy merits, praise;
When boist'rous waves thy wat'ry bosom tear,
The awful sight must fill our hearts with fear.
When calm, how pleasing, gently gliding on,
Like diamonds glitt'ring from the chearing
sun;

Then rough, or smooth, a wond'rous prospect
give

Whilst numbers by thy plenteous bounty live.

Yet, limited thy pow'r, or thou wouldst be,

To man a formidable enemy;

Would soon *destroy* our fruits, our crops and
grain,

And render uselefs all our toils and pain:

But there's a voice, thy proudest waves can
stay,

Whose dread command thou durst not disobey.

With deep submission, to thy Maker stand,

Grow rough, or gently glide at his com-
mand;

Within his hand become a friend or foe,

Correct our faults, or bless us here below.

There

There were two most worthy characters in *Floradale*, with whom I cannot help making my readers acquainted, as to them our fair friends were greatly indebted for their poetical writings. Doctor *Jonquille*, was a most sensible, chearful, and pleasant companion. His peculiar taste was chiefly confined to sacred music, as he had composed many excellent pieces. He was a great promoter of the musical parties in which he joined with our little performers, and frequently gave them invitations to his house. Visiting there one Christmas evening, and meeting their old friend Mr. *Heartsease*, they joined the young folk in commercial conversation. After some little time, the doctor pulled off his ring being desired so to do by some of the company, who

who requested a sight of it. Our *facetious* Mr. *Heartsease*, putting it on his own finger, carried it home without its being recollected.

Next morning Doctor *Jonquille*, sent him the following lines.

To mirth dispos'd let others sing;
I'm *a'lamort*, have lost my ring;
An *onyx* stone, a Cæsar's head,
With which a reverend vicar fled;
Perhaps he thought it a disgrace,
Christians to wear a heathen face.

ANSWER.

As to the head, you call your own;
So perfect nature seem'd to make it,
That, trust me, scruples I had none,
When envy prompted me to take it:

Since 'tis my duty and my glee,
To please both hearers and beholders,
I judg'd the surest way would be,
To put your head upon my shoulders.

We

We think, after what we have related of Mr. *Heartsease*, it might not be unpleasing to draw a short sketch of his character; therefore, shall introduce him as a jocosé, good sort of old gentleman. His person might prejudice the reader, were I to say his features were not the most regular, though not such as would give an alarm if introduced into a polite company. He was of a middling stature, and had a heart capable of the finest feelings; and, being in the prime of life, was a great promoter of innocent amusement in youth. But, as I before observed, he was a singular man and wished, in the conferring an obligation, to have it thought no other of than an instance of the duty he owed to God, and his neighbours. These are the outlines of Mr. *Heartsease's*

ease's character. I have introduced two Epitaphs, written by him, to shew, that notwithstanding his general turn for mirth, he had, at proper times, all the gravity suitable to his years.

I must, however, relate a merry story of one of his little youthful flights, and which he used to relate with great seeming pleasure.

One evening a large party of friends being met, and true English people like, a general silence prevailed, till, on a sudden, up started Mr. *Heartsease*, and with an interesting smile in his countenance, drew the attention of the whole company, who begged he would communicate his thoughts to them.

“ Were

“ Were I a cynick, (said he) I should refuse a compliance with your request; but as I retain the comforts of a chearful mind, I will not deny what you ask.—School-boys, you know, may think of money, but cannot often touch it.

“ One day, as I was walking to school, with my companion, we saw a barrow full of most delicious apples; never did fruit carry a more inviting appearance; we immediately began to confer on the extent of our join stock of money, but alas! the whole would not purchase a single apple.—Now, my young friends, what was to be done in so distressful a situation?

“ My companion, more fearful
than

than myself, in vain suggested every thing that occurred to him, but still was afraid to put any thing in execution. At length, a liquorish mouth could not withstand the temptation any longer, and sliding by the side of the barrow, the contents of which were certainly not to be passed by, I held forth my hand, as if to catch a fly, and, at once, forfeited all my pretensions to goodness, by catching up two or three of the most tempting of these irresistible apples, and was marching off in triumph, with all the unconcern of a lawless plunderer.

“But observe, my dear little friends, every degree of theft has its degree of punishment. A fat butcher, who unfortunately saw me in the first act
of

of theft, having a calf's head wrapt in a cloth in his hand, threw it at me with the strength of a Polyphemus* ; I avoided it, and the head found its way into a puddle, and I ran away laughing. However I narrowly escaped suffering in my head, for the lightness of my fingers. For some time after I never approached a barrow without some apprehension, and would not walk by the side of one on any account.

“ From this story, my young readers, I hope, will be cautious of giv-

* Polyphemus was the son of Neptune, reputed to be a cruel monster, with only one eye in the middle of his forehead, which, as historians relate, Ulysses, (who was famous in the Trojan war) destroyed with a firebrand.

ing way to the first temptations to theft, or any other irregularity of conduct ; since, in general, they have a tendency to the basest habits, and the most alarming and fearful consequences ; more especially criminal as reason, in the early stages of life, is too weak to point out all the effects that inevitably result from bad actions.—It is the indulgence of the passions that constitutes vice, and the early restraint of them, that is the first step to virtue.”

It may seem strange to my readers and an unnatural digression, after this humourous story, immediately to proceed to the recital of so serious a subject as an Epitaph ; but the short
account

account we are enabled to give of Mr. *Heartsease*, will excuse us for taking an opportunity of introducing any performance of his, and the elegant production of Dr. *Jonquille*, as a proof of whose goodness of heart, we relate the following instance.

Mr. *Jonquille* being once in company with a set of gentlemen of good understanding, but who were too apt to take great liberties in their conversation, one of the company in particular, made very free with repeated oaths, calling upon God to witness the most insignificant assertions. The good divine, though greatly offended, heard it in silence, but took occasion, every time the other mentioned the name of God, to bow his head with great devotion.

This at last drew the attention of the gentleman who gave the offence.

“ Sir (says he) I observe you frequently bowing ; what do you mean by it ? ” — “ Yes, sir, (replied the clergyman) it is this ; — I have long used myself never to hear the sacred name of God mentioned without paying this awful respect to it, which you, sir, have given me such frequent opportunities of practising.” — The gentleman was so struck with the noble and delicate hint, that he immediately acknowledged he felt it convincingly, and promised to keep a stricter guard upon his tongue in future.

THE
FALL OF THE LEAF.
BY DOCTOR JONQUILLE.

"WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF."

ISA. LXIV. 6.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd to the ground ;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling
In a sad and solemn sound.

Sons of Adam, once in Eden,
Blighted whence like us he fell ;
Hear the lecture we are reading,
'Tis, alas ! the truth we tell.

Virgins much, too much, presuming,
On your boasted white and red ;
View us late, in beauty blooming,
Number'd now among the dead,

Gripping misers, nightly waking,
See the end of all your care ;
Fled on wings of our own making,
We have left our owners bare.

Sons of honour, fed on praises,
Flutt'ring high on fancy'd worth,
So the fickle air, that raises,
Brings us down to parent earth.

Learned fops, in systems jaded,
Who for new ones daily call,
Cease at length, by us persuaded,
Ev'ry leaf must have its fall.

Youth, tho' now no losses grieve you,
Gay in health, and manly grace ;
Let not cloudless skies deceive you,
Summer gives to Autumn place.

Venerable fire, grown hoary,
Hither turn th' unwilling eye ;
Think amidst your fading glory,
Autumn tells a Winter nigh.

Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay ;
Thus we preach, this truth concerning,
' Heaven and earth must pass away.'

On the tree of life eternal,
Man, let all thy hopes be staid,
Which alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

The following Epitaph was written by Mr. *Heartsease* upon the death of Mr. *Myrtle*, who went to bed in seeming good health, and was found dead in the morning.

The second Epitaph he composed some short time after. The little boy upon whom it was made, had deeply impressed the writer with the image of a child of his own, of whom death had deprived him many years since; but as time cannot erase the affection

affection of a parent, neither could it deprive our worthy friend of that melancholy satisfaction of casting a sigh of sorrow, when he beheld the face of those he loved no more. Master *Jessamine* was a little pupil of his, whose loss Mr. *Heartsease* greatly lamented.

“ Her lie the remains
of the late *James Myrtle*, Esq ;
many years a respectable character in
this parish, in whom the affectionate
husband and tender parent, the faithful
friend and true christian, were
united to revive the amiable character
of the true Israelite without guile.

“ His gracious Maker, knowing what
is best in man, as a seeming reward
for a well spent life, called
him

him hence by the most gentle summons ; and he dropt into the sleep of death, without one sigh or groan.

“ Reader, pass not this hallowed grave without a sigh, for such a loss to mankind, when the gilded hypocrite rides triumphant, and pale religion sickens at the growing form of godliness without the power of it.”

“ Here lie the remains
of Master *Jessamine*,
aged only eleven years ;
a promising boy, in whom beauty
and innocence, good-nature, and
whatever is lovely, were happily
united to form a perfect model
of the future man.

“ The

“ The cold hand of death, envious of the full growth of such a flower of perfection, nipped the rising bud, snatched him away from his sorrowing parents ; and his gracious Maker claimed him as an infant son of Paradise.

“ Reader shed the tear of humanity, pause and reflect ! If so much innocence could not stay the cruel hand of death, or preserve this lovely youth from falling a victim to his power, how careful ought we to be, least we rush into manhood unprepared for such a change, and die eternally.”

Having finished the poetical pieces of these two worthy characters, I return to some farther account of my young friends.

Miss *Priscilla Pink*, like too many young folks, had a favourite servant, *Rachael Rose*, who, as she grew up, was too apt, from the real love she had for her mistress, and not considering any ill consequences, to be continually sounding forth her praises; this conduct of *Rachel's* worked but too easily upon a young mind; and she was induced to think her charms might one day prove the means of raising her to the height of fortune and happiness; but *Priscilla* had a fund of good sense, and she gave attention to *Rachel Rose*; yet she frequently checked a fault she found gaining ground upon herself, and endeavoured also to check it in her servant.

Mr. *Pink* was in great trade as a
linen-

linen-draper, and had acquired an easy fortune:—While he was one day shewing some patterns to a lady, whom Miss *Priscilla* saw as she was coming down stairs, the lady immediately accosted her with that easy address peculiar to women who are well bred.

Mr. *Pink*, with pleasure, observing an attachment apparently arising between Mrs. *Arabella Aconite* and his daughter; therefore begged she would walk in and rest herself in the parlour; upon farther conversation, Mrs. *Aconite* recollected she had formerly been acquainted with the family of the *Pinks*, near her house in Devonshire. It being now dinner time, and the cloth laid, Mr. *Pink* very civilly asked Mrs. *Aconite* if she
would

would condescend to honour his daughter with her company to dinner; and *Priscilla* joined him in her own good wishes for that purpose; but the lady could not accept the invitation, on account of a prior engagement which she could not decline; yet she would not leave them without an absolute promise that they should both take a dinner with her on a day fixed. Mrs. *Pink* was gone to Mr. *Jessamine's* and did not return till the evening. She was pleased with her daughter's account of the party;—they accordingly went together, the acquaintance grew into such a firm friendship; that as the lady was single, and had a large fortune, she endeavoured to prevail upon *Priscilla* to go and live with her: this her father and mother could

H

not

not consent to, but agreed that they would spare her to pass the chief of her time in so pleasing a situation.

Mrs. *Aconite* had a nephew, from whose disposition she formed great hopes in the idea he would be a comfort to her in the decline of life:—she wished to settle him near her; and finding, after Miss *Pink* had been with her sometime, the young folks shewed a partiality for each other's company, she took an opportunity one day, when *Priscilla* and she were alone, to talk with her on the subject of her future prospects in life. —“ I have an excellent father, (she observed) who, with my mother, are very tender of me; they indulge me in all the little amusements peculiar to my time of life; I therefore
look

look no farther.”—“ Your father (my dear) is advancing in years; it would be a comfort to him to see you settled.”

Priscilla blushed, “ My love (she replied) I sincerely regard you, and the less you have thought on the subject I mentioned, the more it has revolved in my meditations. I have no one but my nephew to leave my fortune to; you are not, I believe, *indifferent* to each other.”

This hasty proposal disconcerted *Priscilla*, as her heart did not disapprove it; but waited only her father's approbation: and as there could be no reason whatever for his opposing such a connection, the *Pink*

was soon changed to an *Honeysuckle*, (for that was the name of the nephew.)

The kind aunt's death soon after cast a gloom upon the family ; who lamented her loss. She was a steady friend, and left them a large fortune. Upon this event Mr. *Pink* retired from business, after having married his daughter so well.

He took a house in the neighbourhood, and they lived happy together, the one to enjoy the fruit of his honest labour, the others to partake of the pleasures of social life, and to smile at the comforts of many olive branches round their table.

Miss *Louisa Lily* was the daughter of a very respectable gentleman in the law,

law, who had by extreme attention to business, and by strictly honest proceeding in that line, acquired a fortune sufficient to support himself and family handsomely, and lay up wherewith to maintain the latter when he himself had laid aside the cares of this life. The comforts that remained for him on this side the grave, were wrapt up in the happiness of his dear *Louisa*, and he was ever looking for the means of promoting it.

One day a smart equipage stopt at his door, and out jumped a sprightly youth, pleasing in his form and manner, and set off with all the external ornaments of dress; he requested to speak with Mr. *Lily*;—upon entering the room, the stranger

was invited to a feast, when he thus began ;

“ I am not so happy, Sir, as to have the honor of your acquaintance, but have an affair of importance to communicate to you, and beg the favour of your attention.”—“ Your manner of address, Sir, (returned Mr. *Lily*) *lays claim to it*: please to proceed.”

The youth, with some hesitation, replied. The happiness of *his* life depended upon the result of this visit. “ I am, (says he) a young man of independent fortune ; and, as you have been in business, and know the value of money, I flatter myself it will be no impediment to your favourable answer to my request.

“ I was

“ I was lately in company, where I was struck with the amiable disposition of your daughter ; and shall be extremely happy in your approbation of me for her faithful companion through life.” — “ Your request, Sir, (says the worthy old gentleman) is indeed a matter of importance ; it is far from my thoughts to lay any restraint upon my daughter’s affections. If by your good character and subsequent conduct you can gain them, you shall meet with no opposition on my part ; but as my dear *Louisa* is the comfort of my declining years, it will require my utmost caution to learn, that your offer promises her that happiness I so ardently wish ; though so short a knowledge of you, Sir, obliges me to recommend to you, not to

com-

communicate your sentiments to my daughter till I have prepared her for it."

Narcissus (for that was the name of the youth) pleased with his apparent success, took a polite leave, and withdrew.

Louisa, struck with the splendour of the equipage, was detained at the window to examine the contents of it;—and was pleased with the striking appearance our beau exhibited. Upon her father's acquainting her with the cause of the visit *Narcissus* had made, a modest blush of approbation, as well as of surprise, put an end to Mr. *Lily's* discourse for the present on that subject; while it left him the pleasure of enjoying the idea of settling

settling his daughter to his own and her satisfaction.

After some time had elapsed, a letter, from an unknown hand, expressed in the warmest terms of friendship, came to Mr. *Lily*, informing him, that the plausible *Narcissus* was no better than an *Irish fortune-bunter*: this alarmed him much; he could not suppress the agitation of his mind upon this unexpected news, and the narrow escape of his dear *Louisa*; who being greatly affected at discovering a change in her father's countenance, flew to him and begged him to tell her the cause. He told her the whole, notwithstanding his good sense soon enabled him to get the better of a passion formed too hastily on her part. Mr. *Lily*

reflected on himself for being surprised into a belief of the good intentions of *Narcissus*, without investigating them sufficiently; and although they could not conceive from whom the intelligence came, was perfectly satisfied that the intention was friendly; both himself and *Louisa* joined in commending their unknown friend.

But in the midst of his embarrassment on this occasion, it was discovered, by an old servant that had lived in the family many years, and who was prevailed on to deliver the letter, that it came from a former humble suitor of Miss *Louisa's*, who had some time since paid his addresses to that lady, but who had been rejected by Mr. *Lily* on account of the
smallness

smallness of his fortune; yet although the match had been broken off, a firm friendship still subsisted between them. By success in business he had greatly improved his property, and therefore now renewed his addresses. The venerable Mr. *Lily* lived to see them enjoy the comforts of the married state, and closed the last scene of life with a wish of continual happiness to those most dear to him. Such are the blessings enjoyed by those who, at an early period of life, remember their Creator, and walk in the paths of righteousness; who study to improve the innocent pleasures of this life, and who are consequently in hopes hereafter of enjoying a better.

Miss *Betsy Blue-Bell* had a sincere friend in her cousin *Sally Sweet-Pea*, who frequently avoided speaking before company what she thought might excite a sharp answer, and thereby hid a fault, which the former had often reason to be vexed at herself for.

The affection of these young friends encreasing, *Sally* softened the suddenness of *Betsy's* temper. One day, when they were in a large company, a young gentleman made himself ridiculous by his childish airs and inattentions to the company: and particularly singled out Miss *Blue-Bell* for his impertinences.

At tea time, he placed himself by her side, and, after having teased
her

her with his officiousness, arose hastily from his seat to reach her a dish of tea, by which means he threw it accidentally on her new silk gown, and totally spoiled it. Her irritability of temper was now upon the very point of shewing itself, when Miss *Sally*, with a happy turn of thought and with the utmost complacency in her countenance, rose up, and approaching her: "My dear *Betsy* (says she) if your tea is too strong, give me leave to ring the bell for the servant to bring some water." Mr. *Poppy* again rising had like to have thrown poor Miss *Betsy* down, who stood looking with deep concern upon the mischief he had done to her gown, which was such an aggravation of his former impertinence as scarcely to be forgiven:

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but

but the happy turn of thought of her amiable friend upon the former occasion, had so fixed *Betsy's* attention to her soft admonitions, that she immediately addressed him in these words; "Sir, your civility has doubtless been great, but accept my thanks, that after having spoiled a favorite gown, you have not so far humbled me as to make me kiss the ground."

This soft answer turned the eyes of the whole company upon poor *Poppy*, who, after some awkward apologies, and much confusion, hastily left the room.

Miss Sweet-Pea was so delighted with the uncommon prudence of
Betsy,

Betsy, that as soon as she left the company, she congratulated her friend upon having given so strong a proof of her attention to her advice.

Such is the benefit, in the early part of life, of having a steady friend to guard against the fallies of youth, and to give a happy turn of thought to the little inadvertences of the tender and inexperienced mind.

We have now given some account of four of our young ladies, but it still remains to pursue the heroine of the piece, and her favorite, Miss *Jessamine*; as it will doubtless be pleasing to the reader to

learn in what situation these young friends were placed at maturer age.

Miss *Myrtle* contracted a strong attachment for Miss *Jessamine*, whose affection was perfectly equal.

I have before observed, that the beauty of her person was very attractive; her fortune was not so large as that of her friend; but that was no object to a young nobleman, whose fortune was immense.

He had a country house in the neighbourhood:—It was sufficient for him that he saw *Jemima*,—he loved her;—he could think of no other, — and fancied time would make no change in his affections; but,

but, as a life of dissipation frequently overturns the best resolves,—so it turned out with this unhappy pair, both of whom might (from their natural dispositions) in a more retired situation, have been examples worthy imitation.

The misfortune of *Jemima* gave a very serious turn to the amiable *Mariana*, who, having a considerable income, had frequent solicitations to change her condition; but fearing it might, from the too frequent depravity of young men of fashion, be a strong inducement for their professing a regard they did not experience, she rather chose to disencumber herself from being the subject of such pretensions; therefore

fore declined any engagement in the married state;—and preferred the satisfaction of distributing a large share of her fortune to those whom it had ever been her greatest pleasure to relieve.

Having now brought my little History to a period, the Reader will permit me to conclude, with the pleasing hope, that the examples I have endeavoured to point out to them are truly worthy imitation; and, to use a favorite author's expression;—"The Editor of these sheets will have her end answered, if it inspires a laudable emulation in
the

the minds of the worthy, who may thereby entitle themselves to the rewards, the praises, and the blessings, by which *Mariana's* character is so deservedly distinguished."

F I N I S.

AN APPENDIX

TO THE

FAVORITES OF FLORA.

—
THE SEQUEL.
—

THE author, upon looking over her little book, finds she has omitted a series of letters which were written by Mrs. *Honeysuckle* who is mentioned to have settled near her father in the country.

She had found the good effect of parental admonition in her childhood, and being in a very retired
K situation

situation, amused herself (during a declining state of health) with the idea of forming the minds of her Children.

TO MR. HONEYSUCKLE.

Friendship! Thou soft propitious pow'r,
Sweet regent of the social hour;
Sublime thy joys, not understood,
But by the virtuous and the good.

When sorrow swells the tempest high,
Thou, a kind port, art always nigh,
And when returning comforts rise,
Thou the bright sun that gilds the skies.

DR. COTTON.

AS I cannot form to myself a more
pleasing appellation than that of my
beloved friend, permit me to assure
you I feel no satisfaction equal to di-
recting this epistle to you under that
title. I have ever held the union of
hearts the most sacred tie on earth.
Two hands joined without it are
held so very slenderly, that no dura-
bility

bility of union can be expected : love is but an empty sound without it. You know my sentiments ; the most perfect recesses of my heart are open to you, and in whatever part of my conduct, *as a woman*, I may have failed, as a wife, my wishes have been ever yours.

I have not a doubt but your affection *has been*, and still *is*, simular to mine in this respect, and sure I am, that the subject I mean to treat upon is grateful to your ear. Your children have ever been your care, and you will join with me in correcting every tendency towards wrong actions.

As I am more immediately with them, their growing years are a perpetual

petual comfort in my retirement, and I rejoice *that* is such as prevents all superfluous things from being any impediment to their improvement.

If these letters meet with your approbation, I shall be doubly happy in having written them: they confirm, I greatly hope, the intention of their use; time and opportunity of more properly digesting them, will, I assure myself, excuse the want of rendering them more correct; and you who know my heart, know also that were my abilities equal to the task, I would be ready to subscribe with my pen more largely the degree of real regard with which I ever wish to remain,

Your faithful

And affectionate

PRISCILLA HONEYSUCKLE.

For when our souls, in friendship join,
We'll deem the social hour divine
Thro' ev'ry scene; maintain our trust,
Nor e'er be timid or unjust.

That breast where honour builds his throne,
That breast which virtue calls her own
Nor int'rest warps, nor fear appals
When danger frowns, or lucre calls.

No! the true friend collected stands,
Fearless his heart, and pure his hands,
Let int'rest plead, let storms arise,
He dares be honest, good, and wise.

DR. COTTON.

TO MR.

TO MR. PINK, at ———

Amidst sequestered shades I prize,
The friendship of the good and wise.
Bid Virtue, and her sons attend ;
Virtue, will tell you, I'm her friend ;

Tell thee I'm faithful, constant, kind
And meek, and lowly, and resign'd,
Will say there's no distinction known
Betwixt her household and my own.

DR. COTTON.

HON. SIR,

THE many pleasing objects I daily behold, raise in me a wish that I may acquit the parental duty with equal prudence, so well performed by you ; it is with this view I have transmitted my thoughts to paper, and claim your protecting hand to fix my steady course, intreating your sanction, as I conceive it may imprint upon their
tender

tender hearts a more durable substance, when approved by one they are taught to reverence.

The errors of a female pen I know you will cast a shade upon, with all the candour of a father and a friend. Every precept of yours has sunk so deep in my heart I cannot but wish to implant it in the youthful breasts of my children ; that by properly grafting and pruning our tender plants, it may so please our Great Master to transplant them into his garden of celestial sweets, there to rise, like the goodly cedars, and be fit objects for angels to behold. There, my dearest parent, may we meet, and renew the sincere affection we have enjoyed on earth ; full of this pleasing hope let me once more
add

add that no greater happiness is reserved for me, whilst life is permitted, than to take every opportunity of subscribing myself,

Your ever dutiful

And affectionate daughter,

PRISCILLA HONEYSUCKLE.

TO MRS. PINK.

I commune with myself at night,
And ask my heart, if all be right ;
If right ! replies my faithful breast,
I smile, and close my eyes to rest.

DR. COTTON.

HON. MADAM,

THERE is not in any instance I would suffer myself to appear negligent of that sincere duty and affection which I wish to shew so kind and tender a parent as you have ever been. Accept these lines as a small tribute in return for what I have it not in my power to offer more than my thanks for ; and may the fountain of all happiness shower down upon you every comfort. The letters I have at different times been preparing for my children, are but a hasty performance,

formance, meeting with many interruptions whilst running them over ; but they are the production of sincerity, and as such will be favourably accepted, with their faults, by those dear friends for whose perusal they are intended. Some of my epistles are shorter than others, owing to want of time and the indisposition of my pen when writing ; but they are equally intended for the admonition of all my favorites which will, I am certain, be readily suggested by you. Happy shall I be, if by writing them, I may retain in their memoirs the love I am so anxious to secure ; pleasing myself with the monumental inscription imprinted on *their* hearts, when *mine* shall cease to beat. These are the only trophies of honour I glory in on earth. The remainder
of

my ambition lies beyond the reach of thought. Accept once more my acknowledgments of gratitude for all your goodness to me. I rest assured, it will meet its due reward, where our lasting comforts will know no end ; beholding you in those delightful regions, where you will join in blessing

Your ever dutiful

And affectionate

Daughter,

PRISCILLA HONEYSUCKLE.

TO

TO HARRIOT —————

Sweet innocence is always seen
With calm and comely breast,
Grac'd with a pleasing brow serene,
And clad in milky vest.

Then by good-nature still inspir'd,
Still strive to entertain,
Good humour always is admir'd,
Ill nature meets disdain.

MY DEAR,

IT may probably be thought that the mother of a large family has little leisure for writing, and reason may suggest, that she is inadequate to so great a task ; which being my case, I cannot help thinking but letters of advice must strike more forcibly

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to

to the heart from the pen of mature affection, than any other mode of address. I mean therefore to gratify my own flattering hopes, that the soft voice of nature may charm the tender breast of my young ones : and as your birth claims the first address, to you I first offer my instruction, which I do with the most sincere affection. Whenever half an hour can be allowed me, I mean to pursue the objects of my love, and tell them how sincerely I regard their welfare; that when the hand which pens these lines shall cease to move, the intention of a heart full of regard for their well-doing, may command the tear of gratitude, and by adhering to the rules of duty I mean to lay down, you may ever remember you had a
mother

mother who bequeathed you what the world cannot take away, the proper means of attaining to a good name ; for such you need not fear of gaining, if you aim at that degree of perfection so much, and so ardently prayed for, by your ever

Affectionate mother,

PRISCILLA HONEYSUCKLE.

TO EDWARD H——.

Let each sweet bird instructor be,
To warn you from neglect,
To teach you frugal industry,
Which gains from all respect.

Those who love books all will admire,
The idle all will shun ;
Let love of industry inspire,
Or you will be undone.

MY DEAR,

AS you are now removed far from me, my only consolation is that your heart may listen to the tender dictates of a mother's feelings. If I write to you from time to time, it is more than probable my letters may reach you when in the midst of play ; and the sports you might be pursuing may make you return to them after reading

ing

ing my letter, causing you thereby wholly to disregard its contents.

This may be the case—still I request do not tear it—lay it by—lock it up. It may one time or other direct you perhaps to listen to the voice of nature breathing forth a mother's love—her anxious care for her child's present and future conduct. However trifling counsel may appear in your younger part of life, remember it is not interest that twines your parents hearts with yours.—Whether you turn out good, or ill, they are no ways answerable, after having given you the best advice, and pointed out the road to virtue.

If my subjects appear grave let them sink deep—and should a tear moisten your cheek, remember it's a presage that you have a feeling, and I think and hope, a good, heart.

I will not omit any duty you ought to pursue, and be sure you suffer no one to supplant you in your affection the friend that leads you to the paths of comfort, and means to order your steps so as to bring you to the seat of glory—To be beloved by the worthy here, and a crown with never fading laurels hereafter. This is the breath of regard and affection, from

Your *true* friend,

And mother,

P. H.

TO

TO ARABELLA H——.

I.

Deformity of heart, I call
The worst deformity of all ;
Our cares to th' body are confin'd,
Few fear obliquity of mind.

II.

Why not adorn the better part,
This is a nobler theme for art;
For what is form, or what is face,
But the soul's index, or its case.

MY DEAR,

ARABELLA will I flatter myself find in me the mother and the friend. As it is more than probable we shall pass great part of our time together we may not only bind the the cords of love, but let friendship
finish

finish what affection has begun, that as you grow up, you may place your confidence in your parents and dearest friends. Be obliging to all, gain as many true friends as you can, but never by deceit. Pride yourself in doing right, silently pity those that laugh at this opinion, and pray for them to think properly, *modesty* is the greatest ornament that can grace a woman; no jewel ever so bright can equal the lovely lustre it gives the female face, even the most beautiful features without it, soon lose their charms and become disgusting: pride can be no ornament even to crowned heads—where is the distinction when the prince and beggar fall together? the grave receives them both; there they claim kindred with their native clay. I need not repeat to you that
confidence

confidence is only to be placed beyond the skies—all here below is short-lived bliss—but as your years may admit of many cheerful hours, I would wish you to enjoy every comfort of life; only remember a clear conscience will greatly add to every happiness this earth bestows. Be as merry with your companions as you please, but select only those young persons for your particular intimates, whose characters stand the clearest for honesty, sobriety, and religion. Let *that* be your standard; remember it is the sheet anchor of every bliss, both here and hereafter. In your prayers think of your parents. They will not cease to implore the Almighty for you, that he may protect and guard you. Let not their hearts feel a pang on account of your ill conduct;

conduct ; for assure yourself no sorrow can equal that of an undutiful child. I do not harbour a thought to your disadvantage ; only as you increase in years likewise increase as much as possible in the regard of the worthy ; and never doubt the love of your

Affectionate mother,

P. H.

TO

TO PRISCILLA H——.

E'en pleasure acts a treach'rous part,
She charms the sense, but stings the heart;
And when she gulls us of our wealth,
Or that superior pearl, our health,

Restores us nought but pains and woe,
And drowns us in the lake below;
But gleams of light are oft display'd,
To cheer the eye, and gild the shade.

Affection speaks a softer stile,
And disappointment wears a smile;
A group of virtues blossom near,
Their roots improve by every tear.

MY DEAR PRISCILLA,

HAVING written to each of your
brothers and sisters, I cannot omit
addressing you in the same manner.
It is a subject that raises in my mind
at once both pleasing and painful
ideas—

ideas—lest my dear children should err in going through the journey of life, *still* let me hope Providence may point out to them the true road to happiness.

Yet you must endeavour in all your thoughts, words, and actions, as much as possible to make the great director of it your friend, which can only be done, by never suffering yourself to be forgetful of him and his laws; you must be sensible it is only by prayer this friendship can be attained.

Let therefore the evening close your daily praises, and use yourself upon every occasion to think on God; to attribute every good gift to his kindness, and every vain, or idle thought,

thought, to your own neglect in not using yourself to a frequent application for his grace and favour. I will, for instance, suppose a particular favourite of yours, should advise you to do, or say wrong—how would you act in such a case. Or, if you listened to the false adviser, how would you answer it to your own heart? For the sure way to know the rectitude of your actions is to consult that, and if you well consider it, you will find something rise to check your inclination and convince you you are in an error. You may be laughed at by many for this opinion, but, in return, it will be the real ground for true satisfaction. You must not suppose I mean you never to be cheerful—very far from it—

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only

only, with that cheerfulness, let your words and actions be consistent with decency and with your duty. True religion is no enemy to *time* past in innocent mirth; but on the other hand will give a double relish to the comforts of it—since no person can be bad and happy too. Whatever I have omitted to advise you in these letters, I shall pray to the author of all happiness to supply, as may best promote your eternal happiness.—Pleased to see my dearest children good and happy, I may, by their attention to these precepts, lay myself down in perfect ease, that more lasting joys may await us with those bright angels where all is lasting peace and love. Receive this as my last request; and be assured it is the hourly prayer of your

Ever affectionate mother,

B. H.

TO G——.

Attend my lessons, thoughtless youths,
E're long, you'll think them weighty truths;
Prudent it were to think so now
E're age has silver'd o'er your brow;

For he who at his early years,
Has sown in vice, shall reap in tears.
If folly has possess'd his prime
Disease shall gather strength in time.

Poison shall rage in ev'ry vein,
Nor penitence take out the stain;
And when each hour shall urge his fate,
Thought, like the doctor, comes too late.

SO ardently, my dear boy, do I
wish you may profit by the good in-
structions you meet with at——,
that I cannot help reminding you, I
seem to have less fear on your ac-
count: still youth has so little thought,
that it is the duty of parents to re-
mind their young ones what they

M— ought

ought, and what they ought *not*, to do. Once play was the greatest joy I had ; but riper age gives me reason to think, other things are necessary likewise.—You cannot be always with your improving friend—but remember, you are ever in the presence of that Being who is himself all goodness, and will bless those good children who honour his name, and diligently seek him.

Swear not—nor suffer a falsity to proceed out of your lips.

Bad people get a habit of lying, and of calling names—but it is a practice too mean for any but the most wicked.—Let me warn you in particular against speaking in a free and disrespectful manner on sacred subjects,

subjects, nor give a smile of approbation to those *witty* persons who search even the scriptures for so bad a purpose. The man who, to embellish his story adds oaths, and tinctures his conversation with serious things at the same time, should be thought a dangerous companion.—Be assured it will give you joy to avoid so bad an example, and carry you through life with more happiness than all the *riches* in it: time will separate you from *them*.

How greatly would you affront any friend on earth, were you to swear, or lie, to him.

The method most likely to secure you from vices of this sort, is by earnestly praying for God's assist-

ance, that you may never be led away by bad examples, and that he may strengthen you in the abhorrence of whatever is wrong. When you see or hear bad boys do ill, be sorry for them—and keep this reflection in your mind,—that *to be good is to be happy*.

I have now, my dear, written you the thoughts that are ever uppermost in my mind.—May they be imprinted on your memory, and stifle every ill word, or action.—May your mother's *shade*, when her *substance* is no more, warn you to pursue alone the path that leads to glory; and may those endless joys be the ultimate end of all her cares in *this* world; which will give her comfort here,
and

and hereafter insure her endless felicity. Do not forget to pray for and with,

 Your ever affectionate

Mother,

P. H.

TO

TO FRANCES H——.

Come then, is happiness thy aim !
Let mental joys be all thy game ;
Repeat the search and mend your pace ;
The capture shall reward the chase.

Let ev'ry minute, as it springs,
Convey fresh knowledge on its wings ;
Let ev'ry minute, as it flies,
Record the good, as well as wise.

While such pursuits your thoughts engage
In a few years you'll live an age ;
Go then, and fetch th' unerring rule,
From virtue's and from wisdom's school.

I shall now direct a few lines to
my dear girl, trusting her love for
me will make her take as much
pleasure in reading as I do in writ-
ing them—My desire is to tell you
by what means you may be rendered
a happy

a happy woman, and consequently respected by all good people. For those who are bad, the less you are regarded by them the better—It is natural to love those who love us—Bad companions, who profess an esteem for us, may “*lead us into temptation.*”

Therefore when you see a girl laugh at every thing you have been taught to reverence, assure yourself she is not a proper acquaintance—avoid rudeness—and do not follow, or be led by her.

Pride, I would have you beware of.—The ornaments of dress should create no ideas of finery, or raise any farther delight than that of neatness and uniformity, which are necessary to shew the purity of the mind. Extreme fashion

snion is odious—only such a degree of it should be followed as to exempt us from becoming particular. Observe the easy manner and address of those young people most admired for their polite and genteel manners without affectation, which is always laughed at by the sensible part of the world. In your behaviour to gentlemen, be modest—but be not afraid to speak when conversation is addressed to you.

Endeavour to converse with ease ; if your company are well behaved and have seen the world, they will entertain and consequently improve you ; but if they are men of light character—only treat them with civility, never permit them to think you can be brought

brought to approve of them for friends.

You see, my dear, I am writing to you when I suppose you arrived at woman's estate, and I the rather chuse to do so, as I would have these letters read by *all*, and therefore have taken up my pen for the purpose of your improvement.

May you all reap advantage from the different lessons I hope to inculcate—May every blessing attend my dear child, and goodness and peace be her companions. Comforts like these are most ardently prayed for by

Your ever affectionate,
&c.

P. H.

TO

TO WILLIAM HONEYSUCKLE.

Who well improves life's shortest day,
Will scarce regret its setting ray;
Contented with his share of light,
Nor fear, nor wish, the approach of night.

And when disease assaults the heart,
When sickness triumphs over art;
Reflections on a life well past,
Shall prove a cordial to the last.

This med'cine shall the soul sustain,
And soften, or suspend, her pain;
Shall break death's fell tyrannic pow'r,
And calm the troubl'd dying hour.

DR. COTTON.

I find, my dear William, you are too near my heart not to tell you, that amongst the rest of your dear brothers and sisters, *what* that heart feels for your well-doing. I most heartily wish you successful in some honest situation

situation that may be a comfortable support to you through life ; and that you may the better be enabled to do so, make one particular friend your counsellor in every action : let Providence then be *that* friend ; in *him* confide ; alone consult him every night and morning, that each returning day may see you still more at ease in yourself. Were you placed near an earthly prince his smiles might honour you for a time, and you would think you were willing to live only for him ; but can he add one moment to your days ; can he save you from sickness ? No. Powerful as this world makes the great, they, like you, will, e'er many years are past, sink into the grave, and be, like you, forgotten. You cannot be seated near a throne on earth, that will not vanish ; but your heavenly

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king.

king will never abate his lustre, and he prepares a seat, durable as his own, for all that trust in him, a seat that shall not be removed. Your applications and petitions to him will be ever heard and granted, if he sees it good for you ; but if all your hearty wishes are not granted, remember troubles are often salutary ; and the eye which sees fit we should, through sorrow, arrive at good, defers the wished-for event to lessen that sorrow ; and a resigned faith in his promises, must and ought to be, the most prevalent and lasting security we can rest upon. Those, whose inconsiderate youth may induce them to laugh you out of this opinion, are the persons most to be pitied and avoided ; the rectitude of your own actions will be a sufficient recompence for the loss of such

such pretended friends. There are many books to be pointed out, by better judges than myself, that will amuse and even strengthen you in this opinion ; where I meet with any to transcribe that may be of use, I will not fail to let you have them, of which I shall now shorten this epistle, by assuring you that as I write I feel the powerful pleadings of a mother's love, and most earnestly pray that the great God, whom I worship, may bless and preserve my dear children, planting in their tender breasts those good seeds that no canker can destroy. Thus let me assure you of the sincere regard of your

Affectionate mother,

P. H.

TO CHARLES HONEYSUCKLE.

In wedlock when the sexes meet,
Friendship is only then complete;
Blest state ! where souls each other draw
Where love is liberty and law ;

The choicest blessings found below,
That man can wish, or heaven bestow.
Trust me, these raptures are divine,
For lovely Chloe once was mine.

Nor fear the varnish of my stile,
'Tho' poet, I'm estrang'd to guile.
Ah me ! my faithful lips impart
The genuine language of my heart.

SHOULD my dear Charles arrive at an age to read a letter, he will find his mother has long, with the anxiety of a parent, been preparing to communicate her thoughts towards laying a foundation in her beloved

beloved young ones minds. By the time you are able to understand the intentions of these epistles, I may cease to be,—or age may have robbed me of the power, though the will remains. Take then, my child, while abilities permit me, the earnest advice I see will be necessary to guide your youthful steps ; and when you read this, remember that only an upright conduct can carry you with any degree of comfort through life. Riches (suppose you could command them) would only make you forget yourself ; therefore be steady, and unsolicitous for such perishable objects, which are hurtful. Many have undone themselves and brought the greatest sorrow to their parents,

by want of attention in this respect: and much distress may be relieved, by the anxious and careful industry of a good and steady son--whereas running from one business to another, defeats the promised hopes. You see in what manner I have laid down my advice. In your worldly affairs be not extravagantly profuse, nor mercenary, nor mean; be charitable to the indigent, according to your ability, which will be repaid you hereafter. Detest the looks, the behaviour of bold women; look upon them as venomous as the bite of the adder that would sting you to death; and assure yourself that only virtuous love, will have the power to charm. The vows made at that altar must be held sacred, for if the breach of
them

them is not published on earth by corporeal infliction, it must take place hereafter, as being in itself, more atrocious than those broken vows for which men are doomed to suffer. The former oath was made at the altar of God, who is called to witness to its attestation. More might be added on various subjects, but I trust the method I have laid down, will be sufficient to guide you in the happy road to future comfort. Remember it is the voice of love bids you rise above the world's short cares and meet her in those peaceful realms, where, she will never cease to pray, may be the centre of her joys, with the most sincere affection, she subscribes the name of mother.

P. H.

TO

TO HENRY HONEYSUCKLE.

I.

Our joys when life's soft springs we trace
Put forth their early buds a pace,
See the bloom loads the tender shoot,
The bloom conceals the future fruit ;
Yes manhood's warm meridian sun,
Shall ripen what in spring begun.

II.

Thus infant roses, e'er they blow,
In germinating clusters grow ;
And only wait the summer's ray,
To burst and blossom to the day.

DR. COTTON.

YOUNG as my beloved Henry
is, should he be permitted to reach
maturer years, may those dear in-
nocent looks, which he now sweetly
possesses,

possesses, continue to be the characteristic of his heart. May also that tint of purity, which now gilds the dawn of life, when manhood is commenced in his heart, dwell for ever there. “Angels
“are happier than men, because
“they are better.” May you, sweet emblem of those bright spirits, imbibe that sanctity of manners, which may give you the smile of peace, and make you a fit object of the worthy. Forget not the commandments of your God, but let your hand and heart serve him together. Thus wishes, and prays
your

Affectionate mother,

P. HONEYSUCKLE.

TO G.——

TO G—— HONEYSUCKLE.

How sweet that smile unknown to every art,
Inspir'd by innocence, and peace, and joy ;
How pure the transports of thy guiltless heart,
Which yet no fears alarm, no cares annoy.

No airy phantoms of uncertain woe,
The blessings of the present hour allay :
No empty hopes, a fancied good bestow,
Then leave the soul to real grief a prey.

BOWDLER.

IT would be an omission I could not forgive myself, were I to lay down my pen before I had exerted one more effort towards the accomplishment of my maternal mite. Oh ! may the lines here inscribed give the same sensations to the dear readers it at this moment occasions me ; then will my hopes

hopes be answered. The dear infant for whom this is intended---should he never have a perfect idea of his mother, yet she derives the comfortable thought that *her memory*, in the epistles she leaves behind her, may still live, and be a lasting blessing to him.

She warns him to beware of idle company, who by their rude mirth and jollity, draw upon themselves the displeasure of the Almighty. She bids him remember the Sabbath *to keep it holy*; and, if possible, to pass it only with the sober and steady, and not with those who will laugh at serious things; but remain firm and unshaken in the cause of truth.

“ Then

“ Then shall no fears his soul distrefs,
“ Religion's doubt shall cease ;
“ Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
“ And all her paths are peace.”

F I N I S.



